THEOSOPHY

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Man ought to be ever striving to help the divine evolution of Ideas, *by becoming to the best of his ability a* co-worker with nature *in the cyclic task. The ever unknowable and incognizable* Karana *alone, the* Causeless *Cause of all causes, should have its shrine and altar on the holy and ever untrodden ground of our heart—invisible, intangible, unmentioned, save through "the still small voice" of our spiritual consciousness.*

—H. P. BLAVATSKY

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THE THEOSOPHY COMPANY

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II *The study of ancient and modern religions, philosophies and sciences, and the demonstration of the importance of such study; and*

III *The investigation of the unexplained laws of Nature and the psychical powers latent in man.*

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The difference between knower, knowing, and known exists not in the Self; for through its own Consciousness and Bliss it shines self-luminous.

—SHANKARACHARYA

THEOSOPHY

VOLUME 67 JANUARY, 1979 NUMBER 3

GUIDE, PHILOSOPHER, AND FRIEND

THERE seems a sense in which the most precious gift of the Teachers of Theosophy is something they can hardly speak about at all. This is the example they set as helpers of their fellows. They do different things, of course, but whatever they do reflects their understanding of the human heart. H.P.B. and Judge both knew human nature to its core, both worked for the good of mankind—as guide, philosopher, and friend—but there is a distinction to be made in the kinds of work they performed.

H.P.B. came as a Teacher. She spoke to the entirety of the human race. What she put of record in *The Secret Doctrine* "gives the greatest minds their fullest scope," making it plain that the knowledge of the Adept Fraternity is indeed "unfathomable in its deepest parts." The student of H.P.B. comes to realize that the resources of Those whom she represented, and for whom she spoke, are in sum, as Mr. Judge said, "a knowledge of the very foundations of nature—they know what the ultimate divisions of time are and what are the meaning and the times of the cycles." This recognition of the knowledge available to H.P.B. gives a light on the reason for one of the things she said: "Do not follow me or my path; follow the path I show, the Masters who are behind."

There is a parallel, here, with the relation between Arjuna and Krishna, the Avatar. Arjuna cannot understand all that Krishna did; when he tries to, he is overwhelmed by the dimensions of the Teacher's reality, as the eleventh chapter of the *Gita* shows. And

Krishna asks him, "But what, O Arjuna, hast thou to do with so much knowledge as this?" H.P.B.'s counsel has a similar content. Wise students attempt to follow the path she showed, not attempting or pretending to "explain" *her*.

The example of Mr. Judge seems more within the reach of our understanding, since he showed in practice the life of the true and faithful disciple, although much mystery is also involved. What, actually, did he do? He did a great many things, but most of all he illuminated in simple ways the following of the path H.P.B. showed. He studied her works and reproduced faithfully her meanings in countless forms, but in less formidable and olympian language, we might say. There is nothing really *easy* about what he did—anyone who tries to be "simple" as Mr. Judge was simple finds this out—yet the invitation and encouragement of his work are plain. He speaks to both students and inquirers in these terms.

Most of all, he shows how to become and be a student, which means that he helps us to understand how we think. He is a master psychologist, but without needing a heavy and pretentious vocabulary. He provides the means to unravel the puzzles and contradictions of our mental and moral life.

His *Letters* are addressed to the Arjunas of his and succeeding generations. He shows how to relate Theosophy to the tasks at hand, to both the work of the Movement and to ourselves. His answers to questions in the *Path* and the *Forum* bear directly on the use of the mind in seeking to apply Theosophy. He called the present an "age of inquiry" in the *Ocean,* and his answers inform concerning the tools of inquiry and their use. For example, in the *Path* for December, 1887, he replies to a correspondent who fears that cultivation of the intellect may reach an excess which leaves the "Heart-Mind" unattended and wandering about. Mr. Judge answers this often-repeated question by saying:

> It is not wise to cultivate either at the expense of the other. Each alone will end at the same place—The Threshold. Both are excellent means for the manifestation of that which is higher than either, when cultivated to their highest in unison. Both are useless after a certain point, except as tools for truth. Metaphysics, logic and emotion all end at a dead wall.

The content of this reply is seminal for further thinking. First he makes the obvious answer—there needs to be balance. Then

he seems to suggest that the right use of the mind will include the insight of the heart, and that the feeling of the heart is at its best when lighted by the comprehension of mind. This is soon confirmed by reflection, but what is by no means evident, and not likely to result from reflection, is his statement that after a certain point "Metaphysics, logic and emotion all end at a dead wall."

This seems to say that the faculties and approaches on which our present certainties are based are, so to say, second-rate. Yet throughout *The Secret Doctrine* there is continued emphasis on the importance of metaphysics. There can be virtually no understanding of the teaching without it, H.P.B. suggests. But interestingly, in speaking of metaphysics, she uses almost the same language as Mr. Judge—he says "dead wall," she says "blank"—in her explanation:

> It is impossible to conceive anything without a cause; the attempt to do so makes the mind a blank. This is virtually the condition to which the mind must come at last when we try to trace back the chain of causes and effects, but both science and religion jump to this condition of blankness much more quickly than is necessary; for they ignore the metaphysical abstractions which are the only conceivable cause of physical concretions. These abstractions become more and more concrete as they approach our plane of existence, until finally they phenomenalize in the form of the material Universe, by a process of conversion of metaphysics into physics, analogous to that by which steam can be condensed into water, and the water frozen into ice. (I, 44-45.)

Quite evidently, we cannot know about the world we live in, and how it is formed, without metaphysics. Elsewhere (I, 329), she points out that transcendental metaphysics is the only source of such knowledge for "human consciousness *in its normal state.*" Metaphysics, then, as Mr. Judge says, can take us to the threshold, but not beyond. The character of the threshold is described a little later by H.P.B.:

> The pure object apart from consciousness is unknown to us, while living on the plane of our three-dimensional World; as we know only the mental states it excites in the perceiving Ego. And, so long as the contrast of Subject and Object endures—to wit, as long as we enjoy our five senses and no more, and do not know how to divorce our all-perceiving *Ego* (the Higher

> Self) from the thraldom of these senses—so long will it be impossible for the *personal* Ego to break through the barrier which separates it from a knowledge of *things in themselves (or Substance).* (I, 329-30.)

These are the conditions for passing the threshold. Meanwhile, *The Secret Doctrine* and H.P.B.'s other writings are filled with "metaphysics, logic and emotion"—emotion of a sort—illustrating the meaning of Mr. Judge's statement at the end of "A Lion-Hearted Colleague Passes":

> Her method was to deal with the mind of the century as she found it, by trying to lead it on step by step; to seek out and educate a few who, appreciating the majesty of the Secret Science and devoted to "the great orphan Humanity," could carry on her work with zeal and wisdom; to found a Society whose efforts—however small itself might be—would inject into the thought of the day the ideas, the doctrines, the nomenclature of the Wisdom Religion . . . .

How does one make oneself better able to be "led on" by H.P.B.? We, being children of our age, have the mind of our times. Again and again, in his answers to questions, Mr. Judge deals with the puzzles and problems that mind presents. To see the point of his replies is to understand our own minds better, and to use them more effectively. In one case, for example, a questioner asked about the Rupa and Arupa Lokas, wanting to know whether they are at present "desirable conditions."

Mr. Judge makes this brief reply:

> All states and conditions above the ordinary material are desirable. In the absolute sense, any "conditioned" existence is undesirable. "Advanced students" try to be free from desires. "Rupaloka" means *place of form*; "Arupaloka," *place of no form*. There are many Lokas.

This is a way of saying that a step of progress is good, but not the same as the goal. From an absolute point of view, all states or conditions are temporary and illusory, but at the same time they represent in orderly succession the stages of our progress or evolution. As H.P.B. put it: The "Ego, progressing in an arc of ascending subjectivity, must exhaust the experience of every plane." Only by this means is the hold of the plane upon his awareness broken, releasing him to a higher order of experience.

We come, in other words, to threshold after threshold. Meta-

physics is the means by which we are able to instruct ourselves in this evolutionary reality. So we study, trying to apply metaphysics to the world around us and to ourselves. Yet our study, while having its intellectual aspect, is not study of the ordinary sort. To a discouraged questioner, Mr. Judge said:

> In these matters there is no child's play nor the usual English and American method of mere book-learning,—we must absorb and work into the practice and the theory laid down, for they are not written merely for the *intellect,* but for the whole spiritual nature. There must be within the man something which he already knows, that leaps up and out when he scans the books of wisdom; a thing already existing, which only takes an added life or confirmation from books. True Theosophy has all that is practical, but many forget this; there is no greater system of practice than that required by it.

And the practice?

> Desire wisdom; love all men; do your duty; forget yourself; let each thought and act of your life have for its aim the finding of divine wisdom; strive to apply that wisdom for the good of other men. If you search in every direction, Light must come to you.

Mr. Judge, too, was dealing with the mind of the time. To another questioner who wanted to know how to "open the heart so as to exercise the Will for governing the Astral body," he said:

> There is but one way to open the heart. That is by living the life. It is a simple matter to govern the will, but this is not the true will. The governing of the Astral body is the smallest of the tasks of the true will. The will should be used to obtain wisdom, and when so used it will control the Astral body without effort. . . . Let your aim be beyond that, and the powers will grow of themselves. If the strong-willed or sick depress you, seek to aid each in some way, forget that you are depressed, *forget your self,* and they will not affect you. The life of the Occult student is full of sorrow, anguish and depressing influences. These go to make him a student in the Occult. A portion of his training is to become aware of these only in so far as they affect others. As to their affecting his own personality, he does not know they exist. If you desire to help humanity, then you possess the true motive. If you use your will in this cause, wisdom, peace and all the powers will be given.

The intellect is the organ for perceiving differences and relativities, and Mr. Judge, in showing that whether or not a state is "desirable" depends upon where one stands, instructs in the

relativity of value-judgments concerning states and conditions. The heart is the organ for perceiving unities, and he says that the heart is opened by opening it to the needs of others. Heart and mind in collaboration can *serve* the needs of others. We see beyond the relativities, yet use them in knowing what to say or do, at a given moment.

To one over-reliant on books, Mr. Judge said:

> Divine Wisdom can not be a subject for *study,* but it may be an object of *search.* With the love for this same wisdom uppermost in our hearts, we ask if it would not be wiser to lay aside the *study* of so-called Theosophy and study yourself. Knowing yourself you know all men, the worlds seen and occult, and find Theo-Sophia.

On the question about men and women he said:

> It is as hard for man as for woman to enter the mysteries. Man works through the intellect, woman through the emotions or heart. Both are equally useless after a time, and of the two the heart is the better tool. But woman becomes engrossed or overwhelmed by her emotions, and passes no farther. The greatest Teachers have been those who have had most of the womanly in their natures.

To one who complained of the pretensions and mistakes of a self-styled "saint," and wondered, also, about the chances for inner development in the everyday life of the time, Mr. Judge wrote:

> How do you know he makes grave mistakes? I may not say that anyone errs or makes mistakes, other than my own self. Neither you nor I may say another is saint or devil from our own standpoint of what makes either. Both you and I have been taught, however, that one who has arrived at the state of "Saintship" never lays claim to it or to "enlightenment."
>
> Saintship and a certain measure of infallibility will result from humdrum every-day life in the nineteenth century, and in no other way, if rightly comprehended. Otherwise one would not be here at all. . . . To become a saint one must know what sinners are and what sin is. The best way to arrive at this knowledge is through the nineteenth century or the time in which we live, through life and all it tells us. Believing that one cannot err and in one's infallibility is however not a characteristic of saintship.

One sees, throughout Mr. Judge's writings, clear examples of

the head guiding the heart and the heart adjusting the head. He gives endless illustrations of the two acting "in unison." He cannot write or speak, we might say, save in this unison, by reason of the fact that he was himself a man *confirmed* in spiritual knowledge. He helps erring minds to find their balance. When a questioner finds himself locked in position by his limiting assumptions, Mr. Judge questions the assumptions, shows how release from them eliminates the contradiction or problem. He looks at the matter from above, from a higher plane where synthesis may take place. Yet there is no abandonment of logic, no leaving of metaphysics behind, and a wonderful feeling pervades everything he says. Always one has the sense of a larger vision which lies beyond. Mr. Judge, one could say, generates this feeling in us by his "tone of settled conviction" joined with the more than ordinary light he throws on whatever is asked. He helps by giving explanations, but he also, again and again, throws the questioner back on himself. Self-reliance, he shows, is as important, perhaps more important, than wise instruction, although both serve us best when joined. Mr. Judge will not answer questions that inquirers need to answer for themselves, nor will he spend time on matters which have little or no bearing on our present needs and capacities.

"What plan of life," a *Path* reader asked, "should a theosophist adopt?"

Mr. Judge replied:

> The plan of life should be that which shall appear to the student the best one under his lights; any sort of life may have as a plan under it the good of the race. It is not required that literature or art be given up; theosophy seeks to round men out and not to produce moral skeletons.

And to one who wanted to know whether he should try to be a "leader," he said:

> Any one who *is* to be a leader will easily find that out. We are not to try and discover that we are leaders, but to do our every duty; if they are performed, the Law of Karma will find those who are the real leaders, and all sham captains will disappear.

Time spent with Mr. Judge's writings is indeed a time of "occult" learning. What he teaches is never like the usual "method of mere book-learning." He is always turning pages which reveal

a higher or different point of view—one salutary in its effect on conventional thinking. What he does seems in remarkable parallel with what H.P.B. told P. G. Bowen about the difference between ordinary study and study of occult reality. (See THEOSOPHY 43: 306-07.) Quoting her, Commander Bowen wrote:

> The brain is the instrument of waking consciousness, and every conscious mental picture formed means change and destruction of the atoms of the brain. Ordinary intellectual activity moves on well-beaten paths in the brain, and does not compel sudden adjustments and destructions in its substance. But this new kind of mental effort calls for something very different—the carving out of new "brain paths," the ranking in different order of the little brain lives. If forced injudiciously it may do serious physical harm to the brain.
>
> This mode of thinking (she says) is what the Indians call *Jnana Yoga.*

If we looked carefully, we could doubtless find very nearly all H.P.B. speaks of illustrated in some way or other by Mr. Judge—all, that is, within the compass of our present understanding.

(The quotations made here from Mr. Judge will all be found in No. 28 of his pamphlet series.)

THE ORIGINAL LIGHT

We are not saying that Eastern philosophy is right and everybody else is wrong, but that Eastern philosophy is the main stream of knowledge concerning things spiritual and eternal, which has come down in an unbroken flood through all the life of the world. That is the demonstrable position which we have firmly taken up, and all archæological and literary research in matters connected with the earliest religions and philosophies of historical ages help to fortify it. The casual growths of mystic knowledge in this or that country and period, may or may not be *faithful* reflections of the actual, central doctrines; but, whenever they seem to bear some resemblance to these, it may be safely conjectured that at least they are reflections, which owe what merit they possess to the original light from which they derive their own.

—H. P. BLAVATSKY

UNDERGOING ALL EXPERIENCE

QUESTION: We are taught that the only way to learn is by experience and that we have to go through all experiences. Does it mean that we have to go through *every* experience we see in life—even the harrowing and revolting ones—in order to learn sympathy, and their opposites?

Answer: We are not only taught, but each one of us for himself *knows* that the only way to learn is through experience *and observation*. There are three phases of experience: (*a*) By inflicting it on others; (*b*) by having it inflicted on ourself; and (*c*) by observing the experience itself, whether undergone by ourself or another.

What we have to learn is the meaning of that life which each one of us is and which all of us are—its powers, its potentialities, their development, use, and purpose. Under the theory of Karma and Reincarnation we should understand that each one of us has already undergone countless times every possible experience in matter from its highest to its lowest states, from its simplest to its most complex forms. No man, therefore, needs any further experience in the sense in which the word is employed in the question asked. What every man does need is to *understand* those experiences. Understanding comes by contrast, by comparison, by reason, by reflection, and, above all, by perception of the identical nature and law of all Life. After the middle of the Fourth Round no man can have a *new* experience. He only can have the repetition of old experiences, good, bad or indifferent, until he understands that they are effects, and begins to live as well as act upon the plane of causes.

This is a question that is often asked. It cannot be answered, nor the answer perceived, through any number of experiences. What we perceive is effects and these we name experiences, but the world of Spirit, or pure Being, and the world of Causation, or mental existence, are also worlds of experience quite as much as, and more so than, the world of mere effects. Incarnated man lives

NOTE.—This article is reprinted from THEOSOPHY, Vol. 16.

in three worlds: The world of being, the world of causation, and the world of effects. Experience, in the full sense, means the harmonious realization of the *unity* of the three worlds. So long as any experience appears to us as "harrowing" or "revolting," we cannot understand it, because the experience is then perceived only through our psychic nature. When experience of any kind is regarded as experience and not as either good or bad, pleasant or painful, we begin to be able to make intelligent *spiritual* distinctions and decisions. Realization comes from understanding the Unity of Life, not from any imaginable amount of experiences of its manifestations.

INTUITION

The means or instrument of opinion is sense, or perception; of science, dialectics; of illumination, *intuition* (or divine instinct). To the last, *reason is subordinate;* it is absolute knowledge founded on the identification of the mind with the object known.

—PLOTINUS

There is a faculty of the human mind which is superior to all which is born or begotten. Through it we are enabled to attain union with the superior intelligences, to being transported beyond the scenes of this world, and to partaking the higher life and peculiar powers of the heavenly ones.

—IAMBLICHUS

THE GRAND INQUISITOR

I

When, shortly before his death, the last and most famous work of Feodor Dostoevsky, *The Brothers Karamazov,* was published in Russia in 1880, Madame Blavatsky was in India editing the *Theosophist,* which she had founded in October, 1879. In view of what she later said of the distinguished Russian novelist, it is not surprising that in the *Theosophist* for November and December, 1881, she published an English version of a portion of this book, the chapter sometimes called the "Legend of the Grand Inquisitor." The translation is almost certainly her own, and probably the first to be made in the English language. There was this dedication by the translator: *"To skeptics who clamour so loudly both in print and in private letters 'Show us the wonder-working Brothers, let them come out publicly and we will believe in them!' "* Madame Blavatsky's high regard for Dostoevsky became even more evident a few years later, in what she said of him in her opening editorial "The Tidal Wave" in *Lucifer* for November, 1889. There, honoring a handful of writers who embodied the awakening spirit of the times, she gave the highest praise to Dostoevsky, saying, "What the European world now needs is a dozen such writers." She called him "a *born* theosophist," declaring that in Russia "most of the administrative reforms during the last twenty years are due to the silent and *unwelcome* influence of his pen." He wrote "boldly and fearlessly," she said, daring to address the higher and even *official* classes, then—as indeed now—a somewhat dangerous proceeding.

H.P.B.'s translation of "The Grand Inquisitor," a chapter in Book V of Part Two of *The Brothers,* is preceded by an introductory note.

THIS is an extract from M. Dostoevsky's celebrated novel, *The Brothers Karamazof"*—the last publication from the pen of the great Russian novelist, who died a few months ago, and just as the concluding chapters appeared in print. Dostoevsky now begins to be recognized as one of the ablest and profoundest among the Russian writers. His characters are invariably typical portraits, drawn from various classes of Russian society, strikingly life-like and realistic to the highest degree. The extract translated constitutes a great satire on modern theology generally and the Ro-

man Catholic religion in particular. The idea is that Christ revisits earth, coming to Spain at the period of the Inquisition, and is at once arrested as a heretic by the grand Inquisitor. One of the three brothers of the story, Ivan, a rank materialist and an atheist of the new school, is supposed to throw this conception into the form of a poem, which he describes to Alyosha (the youngest of the brothers), a young Christian mystic brought up by a "saint" in a monastery, as follows:

Quite impossible, as you see, to start without an introduction, laughed Ivan. Well then, I mean to place the event described in the poem in the sixteenth century, an age—as you must have been told at school—when it was the great fashion among poets to make the denizens and powers of higher worlds descend on earth and freely mix with mortals. Needless to mention in this connection Dante. . . . In France, all the notary's clerks, as also the monks in their cloisters, gave grand performances, dramatic plays in which long scenes were enacted by the Madonna, the angels, the saints, Christ, and even by God himself. In those days, everything was very artless and primitive. An instance of it may be found in Victor Hugo's drama—*Notre Dame de Paris*—where, at the Municipal Hall, a play called *Le bon jugement de las très sainte et gracieuse Vierge Marie,* is enacted in honor of Louis XI., in which the Virgin appears personally to pronounce her "good judgment." In Moscow, during the pre-Petrean period, performances of nearly the same character, chosen especially from the Old Testament, were also in great favour. Apart from such plays, the world was overflooded with mystical writings, "verses"—the heroes of which were always selected from the ranks of angels, saints and other heavenly citizens made to answer the devotional purposes of the age. The recluses of our monasteries like the Roman Catholic monks, passed their time in translating, copying, and even producing original compositions upon such subjects, and that, remember, during the Tartar period! . . . . In this connection, I am reminded of a poem compiled in a convent—a translation from the Greek, of course—called: *The Travels of the Mother of God among the Damned,* with fitting illustrations and a boldness of conception inferior nowise to that of Dante. The "Mother of God" visits Hell, in company with the Archangel Michael as her *cicerone* to guide her through the legions of the "damned." She sees them all, and is made a witness to their multifarious tortures.

Among the many other, exceedingly remarkable, varieties of torments—every category of sinners having its own—there is one especially worthy of notice; namely—a class of the "damned" sentenced to gradually sink down a burning lake of brimstone and fire. Those whose sins cause them to sink down so low that they are no longer able to swim out to the surface, those are forever forgotten by God—*i.e.*, they fade out from the Omniscient memory—says the poem—an expression by the way, of an extraordinary profundity of thought, when closely analyzed. The Virgin is terribly shocked, and falls down upon her knees weeping before the Throne of God, and begging him that all those she has seen in hell—all, all without one exception, should have their sentences remitted to them. Her dialogue with God is colossally interesting. She supplicates, she will not leave Him. And when God, pointing to the transpierced hands and feet of her Son remarks, "how can I forgive his executioners?" she then commands that all the saints, martyrs, angels, and archangels should prostrate themselves with her before the Immutable and the Changeless One and implore Him to change the wrath into mercy and—forgive them all. The poem closes upon her having obtained of God, a compromise, a kind of yearly respite of tortures between good Friday and Trinity day, and a chorus of the "Damned" singing out from their "bottomless pit" loud praised to God, thanking and telling Him:

> "Thou art right, oh Lord, very right,
> Thou has condemned us justly. . . ."

My Poem is of the same character. I begin—

In it, it is He who appears on the scene. True, He says nothing, but only appears and passes out of sight. Fifteen centuries have elapsed since He left the world with the distinct promise to return "with power and great glory"; fifteen long centuries since his prophet cried: "Prepare ye the way of the Lord!" And that He himself had foretold, while yet on earth, that "Of that day and hour knoweth no man, no, not the angels of heaven but my Father only." But Christendom expects Him still. . . .

It waits for him with the same old faith and the same emotion, aye—with a far greater faith: for fifteen centuries have equally rolled away since the last sign from heaven was sent to man,

> "And blind faith remained alone
> To lull the trusting heart,
> As heav'n would send a sign no more" . . . .

True, again, that we have all heard of miracles worked ever since the "age of miracles" had passed to return no more. We had and still have our saints credited with performing the most miraculous cures; and, if we can believe their biographers there were a few among them who were personally visited by the Queen of Heaven.

But Satan sleepeth not, and the first germs of doubt and an ever-increasing unbelief in such wonders had already begun sprouting over Christendom, as early as in the sixteenth century. Just then, a new and terrible heresy had made its first appearance in the north of Germany.* A great star "burning as it were a lamp"—the Church—"fell upon the fountains of waters" . . . and—"they were made bitter." This "heresy" blasphemously denied "miracles." But those who had remained faithful, believed all the more ardently for that. The tears of mankind ascended to Him as heretofore, and the Christian World was expecting Him as confidently as ever; they loved Him and hoped in Him, thirsted and hungered to suffer and die for Him just as many of them had done before. . . . So many centuries had weak, trusting humanity implored Him, crying with ardent faith and fervor: "How long, Oh Lord, holy and true, dost thou not come!" So many long centuries had it vainly appealed to Him, that at last, in His inexhaustible compassion, He consenteth to answer the prayer. . . . He decideth that once more, if it were but for one short hour, the people—His long-suffering, tortured, fatally sinful, yet withal loving and child-like trusting people—will behold Him again. The scene of action is placed by me in Spain, at Seville, and during that terrible period of the Inquisition, when, for the greater glory of God, stakes were flaming all over the country,

"Burning wicked heretics,
"in grand auto-da-fes. . . ."

This particular visit has, of course, nothing to do with the promised Advent, when, according to the programme, "after the tribulation of those days" He will appear "coming in the clouds of heaven." For, that "coming of the Son of man," as we are informed, will take place as suddenly "as the lightning cometh out of the east and shineth even unto the west." No; this once, He desired to come unknown and to appear among His children just at the moment when the bones of the heretics sentenced to be burnt alive, had commenced cracking on the flaming stakes. Owing

* Luther's Reform

to His limitless mercy, He mixes once more with mortals and in the same form he used to appear in fifteen centuries since. He descends, just at the nick of time when in the presence of the King, his courtiers, his knights, the cardinals and the most lovely of the belles of the Court, besides the whole population of Seville, over a hundred wicked heretics are being roasted, in a magnificent AUTO-DA-FE *ad majorem Gloriam Dei* by the order of the powerful "the Cardinal—Grand Inquisitor". . . . *He* appears silently, and unperceived, yet all—how very strange!—yes, all recognize Him, at once! The population rushes towards Him as if propelled by some irresistible force; it surrounds, throngs, and presses around, it follows Him. (Here, I mean attempting one of the best passages in the poem by explaining the mysterious reason *why* they should all recognize that Stranger.)

Silently and with a smile of boundless compassion upon his lip, He crosses the dense crowd, and softly moves on. The Sun of Love burns in His Heart and warm rays of Light, Wisdom, and Potency beam forth out of His eye, and pour down their waves upon the swarming multitudes of the rabble assembled around, making their hearts vibrate with a returning Love. He extends His hands over their heads, blesses them, and from mere contact with Him, aye, even with His garments—emanates a healing Potency. An old man blind from his infancy, exclaims: "Oh Lord, heal me, that I may see Thee!" and the scales falling off the closed eyes, the blind man beholds Him. . . . The crowd weeps for joy, and kisses the ground upon which He treads. Children strew flowers along His path and sing to Him—"Hosanna." It is He, it is Himself, they say to each other—it must be He, it can be none other but He! He pauses at the portal of the old Cathedral, just as a little white coffin is being carried in, with tears and great lamentations. The lid is off, and in the coffin rests the body of a lovely girl seven years old, the only child of an eminent citizen of Seville. The little corpse lies surrounded with flowers. "He will resurrect thy child!" confidently shouts the crowd to the weeping mother. The officiating Cathedral priest who had come out to meet the funeral procession, looks perplexed and frowns. A loud cry is suddenly heard, and the bereaved mother prostrates herself at His feet: "If it be THOU then bring back to life my child!" she imploringly exclaims. The procession halts, and the little coffin is gently lowered at His feet. Divine compassion beams forth from

His eyes and as he looks at the child, His lips are heard to whisper once more: *"Talitha Cumi"*—and "straightway the damsel arose." The child too arises in her coffin. Her little hands still hold the nosegay of white roses which was placed in them after her death, and she looks around with large astonished eyes and sweetly smiles . . . The crowds are violently excited. There is a terrible commotion among them, and the populace shouts and loudly weeps, when suddenly, before the Cathedral door, appears the Cardinal-Grand Inquisitor himself. . . . He is a tall, gaunt-looking old man of nearly four score and ten, with a dried-up, stern face, and deeply sunken eyes from the cavity of which glitter two fiery sparks. He has laid aside his gorgeous Cardinal's canonicals in which he had appeared before the people during the *auto-da-fe* of the enemies of the Romish Church, and is now clad in his old, rough monkish cassock. His sullen assistants and slaves of the "holy guard" are following at a distance. He pauses before the crowd and observes. He has seen all. He has witnessed the placing of the little coffin at His feet, and the resurrection; and now, his dark, grim face has grown still darker; his bushy gray eyebrows nearly meet and his sunken eye flashes with a sinister light. Slowly raising up his finger, he commands his *sbiri* to arrest Him. . . . And such is his power over the well-disciplined, submissive and now trembling people, that the thick crowds immediately give way, and scattering before the "guard", allow them to lay their sacrilegious hands upon the stranger and to lead Him away, amid a dead silence and without one breath of protest. . . . That same populace, like one man, now bows its head to the ground before the old Inquisitor, who blesses it and slowly moves onward. The guards take their Prisoner to the ancient edifice of the Holy Tribunal, and pushing Him into a narrow, gloomy, vaulted prison-cell lock Him up and retire. . . . The day wanes away, and night—a dark, hot, breathless Spanish night—creeps on and settles upon the town of Seville. The air smells of laurels and orange blossoms. In the Cymmerian darkness of the old Tribunal Hall, the iron door of the cell is suddenly thrown open, and the grand Inquisitor, holding a dark lantern, slowly stalks into the prison-cell. He is alone, and, as the heavy door closes behind him, he pauses at the threshold and, for a minute or two, silently and gloomily scrutinizes The Face before him. At last, approaching with measured steps, he places down his lantern upon the table and apostrophizes Him, in these words:

"It is Thou! . . . Thou!" . . . But receiving no reply, he rapidly adds: "Do not answer me, be silent . . . and what couldst Thou say? . . . I know but too well Thy answer. . . . Besides, Thou hast no right to add one syllable to that which was already uttered by Thee before. . . .Why shouldst Thou now return, to impede us in our work? For Thou hast come but for that only, and Thou knowest it well. But art Thou as well aware of what awaits Thee in the morning? I do not know, nor do I care to know who Thou mayest be: be it Thou or only Thine image, to-morrow I will condemn and burn Thee on the stake, as the most wicked of all the heretics; and, that same people, who to-day were kissing Thy feet, to-morrow at one bend of my finger, will rush to add fuel to Thy funeral pile. . . . Wert Thou aware of this?" he adds, speaking as if in solemn thought, and never for one instant, taking his piercing glance off the meek Face before him. . . .

"I can hardly realize the situation described—what is all this, Ivan?"—suddenly interrupted Alyosha, who had remained silently listening to his brother. "Is this an extravagant fancy, or some mistake of the old man, an impossible *qui pro quo*." "Let it be the latter if you like," laughed Ivan, "since modern realism has so perverted your taste, that you feel unable to realize anything from the world of fancy. . . . Let it be a *qui pro quo*, if you so choose it. Again, the Inquisitor is ninety years old, and he might have easily gone mad with his *ideé fixe* of power; and, it might have been as well a delirious vision, called forth by dying fancy, overheated by the *auto-da-fe* of the hundred heretics burnt on that forenoon. . . . But what matters for the poem, whether it was a *qui pro quo* or an uncontrollable fancy? The question is, that the old man *has* to open his heart; that he *must* give out his thought at last; and that the hour has come when he does speak it out, and says loudly that which for ninety years he has kept secret within his own breast. . . .

"And his Prisoner, does he never reply? Does he keep silent, looking at him, and without saying a word?"—"Of course, and it could not well be otherwise"—sneered again Ivan. "The grand Inquisitor begins from his very first words by telling Him that he has no right to add one syllable to that which He had said before. To make the situation clear at once, the above preliminary monologue is intended to convey to the reader, the very fundamental idea which underlies Roman Catholicism—as well as I can convey

it His words mean, in short: "Everything was given over by Thee to the Pope and everything now rests with him alone; Thou hast no business to return and thus hinder us in our work." In this sense the Jesuits not only talk but write likewise. "Hast Thou the right to divulge to us one single of the mysteries of that world whence Thou comest?" inquires of Him my old Inquisitor, and forthwith answers for him: "No, Thou hast no such right. For, that would be adding to that which was already said by Thee before; hence—depriving people of that freedom for which Thou hast so stoutly stood up while yet on earth. . . . Anything new that Thou wouldst now proclaim would have to be regarded as an attempt to interfere with that freedom of choice, as it would come as a new and a miraculous revelation superseding the old one—that of fifteen hundred years ago—when Thou hast so repeatedly told to the people: 'The truth shall make you free.' Behold then, Thy 'free' people now!" adds the old man with sombre irony. "Yes! . . . it has cost us dearly"—he continues sternly looking at his victim. "But we have at last accomplished our task and—*in Thy name.* . . . For fifteen long centuries we had to toil and suffer owing to that 'freedom'; but now we have prevailed and our work is done, and well and strongly it is done. . . . Believest not Thou, it is so very strong! . . . And why shouldst Thou look at me so meekly as if I were not worthy even of Thy indignation? . . . Know then, that now, and only now, Thy people feel fully sure and satisfied of their freedom; and that, only since they have themselves and of their own free-will delivered that freedom unto our hands by placing it submissively at our feet. But then, that is what *we* have done. Is it that which Thou hast strived for? Is this the kind of Freedom Thou hast promised them?" . . . .

"Now again, I do not understand"—interrupted Alyosha the narrator. "Does the old man mock and laugh?"—"Not in the least. He seriously looks upon it as a great service done by himself and his brother monks and Jesuits unto humanity, to have conquered and subjected unto their authority that freedom, and boasts that it was done but for the good of the world."

"For only now," he says, (speaking of the Inquisition) "has it become possible to us, and for the first time, to give a serious thought to human happiness. Man is born a rebel, and can rebels be ever happy? . . . Thou has been fairly warned of it, but evidently to no use, since Thou hast rejected the only means which could make mankind happy; fortunately when going away, Thou

hast delivered the task to us. . . . Thou hast promised—ratifying the pledge by Thy own words—words giving us the right to bind and unbind . . . and surely, Thou couldst not think of depriving us of it now!". . . .

"But what can he mean by the words: 'Thou has been fairly warned'?" asked Alexis. "These words give the key to what the old man has to say for his justification. . . . But listen. . . ."

"The terrible and wise spirit, the spirit of self-annihilation and non-being"—goes on the Inquisitor—"the great spirit of negation conversed with Thee in the wilderness, and we are told that he 'tempted' Thee. . . . Was it so? And if it was, then it is impossible to utter anything more truthful than what is contained in his three offers, which Thou hast rejected, and that are usually known as 'temptations.' Yes! if ever there was on earth, a genuine, striking wonder produced, it was on that day of Thy three temptations, and it is precisely in these three short sentences that the marvellous miracle is contained. If it were possible that they should vanish and disappear forever, without leaving any trace—from record as from memory of man; and that it should become necessary again to devise for, invent and make them reappear in Thine History, once more; thinkest Thou that all the world's sages, all the legislators, initiates, philosophers and thinkers—called upon to compose three questions which, like these, should—besides answering the magnitude of the event—express in three short sentences the whole future history of this our world and of mankind; dost Thou believe, I ask Thee, that all their combined efforts could ever create anything equal in power and depth of thought to the three propositions offered Thee by the powerful and all-wise Spirit in the wilderness? Judging of them by their marvellous aptness alone, one can already feel, that they emanated not from a finite, terrestrial intellect, but indeed, from the Eternal and the Absolute. In these three offers we find blended into one, and foretold to us the complete subsequent history of man; we are shown three images, so to say, uniting in them all the future axiomatic, insolvable problems and contradictions of human nature, the world over. In those days, the wondrous wisdom contained in them was not made as apparent as it is now, for futurity remained still veiled; but now, when fifteen centuries have elapsed, we see that everything in these three questions is so marvellously foreseen and foretold that to add to, or to take away from the

prophecy one jot—would be absolutely impossible. . . .!"

. . . . "Decide then, Thyself," sternly went on the Inquisitor, "who of you two was right: is it Thou who rejected or He, who offered? Remember the subtle meaning of question the first, which means this: 'Wouldst Thou go into the world empty-handed? Wouldst Thou venture there with Thy vague and undefined promise of freedom, which men, with their innate dulness and unruliness are unable to even so much as understand, which they practically avoid and fear—for never was there anything more unbearable to human race and society than personal freedom! Dost Thou see these stones in that desolate and glaring wilderness? *Command that these stones be made bread*—and mankind will run after Thee obedient and grateful like a herd of cattle. But even then it will be ever diffident and trembling, lest Thou shouldst take away Thy hand, and they lose thereby their bread! Thou refusedth to accept the offer, for fear of depriving men of their free choice. For where is there any freedom of choice once it is being bribed with bread? *Man shall not live by bread alone*—was Thine answer. Thou knowest not, as would appear, that it was precisely in the name of that *earthly* daily bread, that the Terrestrial Spirit would one day rise against, struggle with, and finally conquer Thee, followed as he would be by the hungry multitudes shouting! 'Who is like unto that Beast, who maketh fire come down from heaven on the earth!' Knowest Thou not that but a few centuries hence, and the whole of mankind will have proclaimed in its wisdom and through its mouthpiece, Science, that there is no more crime, hence—no more sin on earth, but only hungry people? 'Feed us first and then command us to be virtuous!' will be the words written upon the banner lifted against Thee, a banner which will destroy to its very foundations Thy Church, and in the place of Thy Temple will be raised once more the terrible Tower of Babel; and though its building may be left unfinished, as in the case of the first one, yet the fact will remain recorded, that Thou couldst, but wouldst not prevent the attempt of building that new Tower by accepting the offer made, and thus saving mankind a millenium of useless suffering on earth. And it is to us that the people will return again. They will search for us everywhere; and they will find us under ground, in the catacombs—as we will once more be persecuted and martyred—and they shall begin crying unto us—'Feed us,

for they who promised us the fire from heaven have deceived us!' It is then, that we will finish building their Tower for them. For it is but they who will feed them that will finish it, and feed them we alone will, in Thy name, and lying to them that it is in that name. Oh, never, never, will they learn to feed themselves without our help! No science will ever give them bread so long as they remain free, so long as they will refuse laying that freedom at our feet and say: 'enslave, but feed us!' That day must come when men will understand that freedom and daily bread enough of both to satisfy all—are unthinkable and can never go together, as men will never be able to fairly divide the two among themselves. And they will also learn that they can never be free, for they are weak, vicious, miserable nonentities born wicked and rebellious. Thou hast promised to them the bread of life, the bread of heaven; but I ask Thee again, can that bread ever equal in the sight of the weak and the vicious, the ever ungrateful human race, their daily bread on earth? And even supposing that thousands and tens of thousands follow Thee in the name of, and for the sake of Thy heavenly bread, what will become of the millions and hundreds of millions of human beings too weak to scorn the earthly for the sake of Thy heavenly bread? Or is it but those tens of thousands chosen among the great and the mighty that are so dear to thee, while the remaining millions, innumerable as the grains of sand in the seas, the weak and the loving, have to be used as material for the former? No, no! In our sight and for our object the weak and the lowly are the more dear to us. True, they are vicious and rebellious, but we will force them into obedience, and it is they who will admire us the most. They will regard us as so many gods and feel grateful to those who have consented to lead the masses and bear their burden of freedom, by ruling over them—so terrible will at last that freeedom appear to men! . . . Then we will tell them that it is in obedience to Thy will and in Thy name that we rule over them. We will deceive them once more and recommence lying to them—for never, never more will we allow Thee to come among us. In this deception we will find our suffering, for we will have to lie eternally, and never cease to lie!" . . . .

(To be continued)

letters • questions • comment

IN The Secret Doctrine (I, 63) *H.P.B. says that the lotus plant has a miniature embryo in its seed, and also that "its prototype is present in an ideal form in the Astral Light from 'Dawn' to 'Night' during the Manvantaric period, like everything else, as a matter of fact, in this objective Universe; from man down to mite, from giant trees down to the tiniest blades of grass." If the ideal forms last for the whole Manvantara, what happens when a species becomes extinct? Could there, for example, be no more dolphins or whales, or even, say, apples, if these should die out, as many species have done, until the next great Cycle, when the archetypes may appear once again in physical embodiment on the objective plane?*

Various considerations bear on this question. Later on the same page H.P.B. adds: "Fohat runs the Manus' (or Dhyan Chohans') errands, and causes the ideal prototypes to expand from within without—*viz.*, to cross gradually, on a descending scale, all the planes (of consciousness) from the noumenon to the lowest phenomenon, to bloom finally on the last into full objectivity—the acme of illusion, or the grossest matter." Actually, we know but little about these "ideal prototypes" and may be tempted to infer too much or too little, depending on where our interest lies. In the section, "Organic Evolution and Creative Centers" (*S.D.* II, 731), H.P.B. says:

> The primitive germ from which all vertebrate life has developed throughout the ages, being distinct from the primitive germ from which the vegetable and the animal life have evolved, there are side laws whose work is determined by the conditions in which the materials to be worked on are found by them, and of which Science . . . seems little aware.

On the second page of this section (732) H.P.B. refers to the *Builders* who carry out the general "ground-plan," under the impulse given them by the ONE LIFE and Law. She continues:

> That they work in cycles and on a strictly geometrical and mathematical scale of progression, is what the extinct animal species amply demonstrate; that they act by *design* in the de-

> tails of minor lives . . . is what natural history has sufficient evidence for. In the *creation* of new species, departing sometimes very widely from the Parent stock, as in the great variety of the *genus Felis*—like the lynx, the tiger, the cat, etc.—it is the "designers" who direct the new evolution by adding to, or depriving the species of certain appendages, either needed or becoming useless in the new environments. Thus, when we say that *Nature* provides for every animal and plant, whether large or small, we speak correctly.

In *Letters That Have Helped Me,* Mr. Judge speaks of "what the great Dhyan Chohans did" at the midway point in evolution: "They then gave the new impulse for the new types, which resulted later in all the vast varieties in nature." This was done, he says, "at the time when all matter and all types were in a transition and fluid state." This "midway point of evolution," H.P.B. explains in *The Secret Doctrine,* "is that stage where the *astral* prototypes definitely begin to pass into the physical, and thus become subject to the differentiating agencies now operative around us." (I, 736.) But even in this domain, she says, "the sub-conscious workings of the *Dhyan-Chohanic wisdom* are at the root of all the 'ceaseless striving toward perfection,' though its influence is vastly modified by . . . purely material causes." H.P.B. speaks of *seven* "primeval physico-astral and bisexual root-types of the Mammalian kingdom," identified as the "unknown roots," and we may think that there were similar basic types as the unknown roots of the vegetable kingdom. The character of these roots would be appropriate to their astral condition, and as *prototypes.* Then, as H.P.B. indicates: "Hardly had the 'ground-plan' of evolution been limned out in these ancestral types, than the influence of the accessory terrestrial laws, familiar to us, supervened, resulting in the whole crop of mammalian species."

It may be assumed that when a species becomes extinct, its removal from the scene is according to cyclic law, and that the psychic intelligence which had been involved in that species moves on to other fields of development. What is said by H.P.B. of the individual animal may quite conceivably be applied as well to species: "The animal has an astral body, that survives the physical form for a short period; but its (animal) Monad does not re-incarnate in the same, but in a higher species, and has no 'Devachan' of course." (II 196fn.) Similarly, the life in plants which no longer serve evolutionary purposes will pass into higher forms

in the natural course of evolution.

Accordingly, from these various statements we may conclude that high intelligences watch over the evolutionary progress of all classes of being, vegetable and animal as well as man. And man, we are told, carries within himself all the forms that are found in the kingdoms. We need not fear, then, that the extinction of a species will deprive the life that animated it of needed embodied existence, nor that the fruits and grains we find useful and delighting for food will disappear before their time. We may, of course, deprive ourselves of many things through unwise treatment of nature or exhaustion of her resources, but these mistakes can be remedied once the law of the universal brotherhood of life is understood, and humans learn how to help nature and work on with her. In any event, in consideration of the guiding wisdom behind all natural processes, it seems likely that we shall have apples and other good things for as long as we need them, and deserve them!

THE ONE REALITY

In the state of *Pralaya* the sixth principle exists in the seventh as an eternal potentiality to be manifested during the period of cosmic activity. Viewed in this light both the seventh and the sixth principles are Eternal Realities, although it would be more correct to say that the seventh principle is the only Reality, since it remains immutable both during cosmic activity as also during cosmic rest, while the sixth principle, the Upadhi, although absorbed into the seventh during *Pralaya,* is changing during Manvantara, first differentiating to return to its undifferentiated condition as the time for *Pralaya* approaches.

—DAMODAR

on the lookout

The Study of "Self-Understanding"

A good example of the changed mood in essays by scientists and members of the learned professions is available in a contribution to *Science* (Nov. 11, 1977) by June Goodfield, who teaches at Rockefeller University in New York. In this paper—the Phi Beta Kappa lecture presented at the annual meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science in February, 1977—Miss Goodfield called for a more human and responsible view of science by both its practitioners and its historians. In her conclusion, she focuses on the history of science, providing a definition of history which comes close to the Theosophic view of progress and human development. She says:

> History is not a totally unknown country. It is a study of the human past as a form of collective self-understanding of human beings and their world. . . . It is a story of human activities, what men did, what they thought, what they suffered, what they strove for, what they aimed at, what they accepted, what they rejected or conceived, or imagined. It tells us about their motives, their purposes, their ambitions, their ways of acting and their ways of creating.

Restoration of Responsibility

The approach this writer has adopted is based on a transformed conception of the goal of scientific inquiry:

> The kind of knowledge we seek is not just the knowledge of facts or the knowledge of logical truths or the logic of method. The kind of knowledge we seek is more like the knowledge of a friend, his character, his ways of thought or action, an intuitive sense of the nuances of his creative personality. . . . We have to enter with empathy into other people's minds and into their modes of being. Then and only then can we go back and redo the history of science.

As for the practice of science, Miss Goodfield thinks that scientists should welcome greater social responsibility. She concludes her lecture:

> It would be magnificent if, instead of being on the defensive vis-à-vis society as we have seen in recent years, scientists actively extended their notion of accountability. . . . With their example before us, we might tackle the problem of accountability in other groups—in industry and in the media, for example—and thus help create a climate where all such professional groups recognize their debt and responsibility to society at large. Now is very much the right time—a delightful time in our lives—when it is splendid, is it not, to be able to use old-fashioned words such as "morality" and "honor" without a fear of being sneered at.

Progress Needs Redefinition

This sort of revision of the assumptions of scholarly research amounts to professional rejection of Materialism—a basic change in attitude now appearing everywhere in professional work. In the Spring 1978 *Alternative Futures,* for example, two writers, William Nichols and Charles P. Henry, examine critically the "technological optimism" of utopian thinking in the United States. A better future, it has been supposed, will depend upon its design and administration by a technological elite. This outlook, the writers suggest, still dominates the utopian thinking of our time, and anticipates little more than a continuation of the status quo, plus a variey of improvements in technique. Such failing attempts to think seriously about the future indicate that what is really needed is "a redefinition of progress itself." One way of attempting this would be to look at the past with different eyes. We have assumed that the peoples of the East have been very "backward" in contrast to our own development.

What Is "Normal" Development?

Nichols and Henry offer a quotation from Richard N. Frye to suggest how an inquiry into the meaning of progress might begin:

> But have we not perhaps asked the wrong questions of the Orient in antiquity, as we still do today? One asked why the Orient today remains underdeveloped. Is it not more appropriate to ask instead why the Greeks developed as they did or why the Renaissance and the Industrial Revolution made the Occident what it is now? In other words, perhaps we should explain why the West is abnormal while Asia and Africa have developed as expected in the course of history. Then the West today would be over-developed rather than the East underdeveloped. These may appear to be glib words, but if we change our perspective, perhaps we can understand some

things better in the present as well as the past.

Here one thinks of H.P.B.'s energetic defense of the ancients in *Isis Unveiled,* and of her scathing comment on technological "progress" in "Civilization the Death of Art and Beauty." The writers in *Alternative Futures* conclude by saying that from the study of the past in the spirit of Richard Frye's questions, "we might ultimately find in societies we have dismissed as backward and underdeveloped ways to imagine a wider range of human possibility in the future than we can now see."

Mind and Brain

The review pages of *Science* are an excellent source of information about the changes in scientific thinking. A large book (600 pages), *The Self and Its Brain,* by Karl R. Popper and John C. Eccles, has somewhat skeptical attention in *Science* for June 2, 1978, suggesting to the Theosophical reader that these authors, both eminent, find themselves obliged by their own feelings as well and by what seems to them good evidence to admit the reality of an independent, indwelling intelligence called "mind." The reviewer is not at all sympathetic, finding only that the possibility of "a theory of mind hides behind the book's ambivalences and ignorances." His summation, however, may be unwillingly apt:

> Popper, in the first part of the book, denies a belief in the animalistic soul, but resurrects it in the image of the self that directs the brain. Eccles, in the second part, hopes to see the immortal soul arise from the incompleteness of modern neurophysiology.

The Mind: What Is It?

The reviewer's distaste for this volume again becomes evident when he attempts to give its general conclusion in a few words:

> After wondering what the mind that is so often discussed might be (it is consciousness, it is attention, it is soul, it is self, it is the self-conscious mind) one finds that it turns out to be independent, active, selective, it makes decisions about where to direct attention, what to remember, it directs the body and it protects it from harm. Thus, inside the body there sits a fully formed intellectual guide, a homunculus, who does all the things that are interesting about human action and experience.

This book, while admitted by the reviewer to be of some value, is finally dismissed as "the Popper-Eccles vague, backward-looking nostalgia for the human soul." One might comment that much

worse nostalgias could overtake a brain specialist and a philosopher. At the very least these writers have contributed a study in harmony with Wilder Penfield's *The Mystery of the Mind* (1975). Such works are quite evidently a return to the conceptions of the nineteenth-century philosopher and psychologist, George T. Ladd, whose *Physiological Psychology* was extensively quoted and discussed by H.P.B. in "Psychic and Noetic Action."

Tribute to Homeopathy

In these days of heightened critical consciousness the authority of conventional institutions is relentlessly questioned, as for example by Ivan Illich, whose *Medical Nemesis* drew widespread attention to the shortcomings of modern medical practice. The uncertainties so created have opened the way to inquiry into now almost forgotten modes of healing, as in the case of the growing interest in the teachings of Samuel Hahnemann, the founder of Homeopathy. Reviewing a recent book, *The Patient, Not the Cure: The Challenge of Homeopathy,* by Margery G. Blackie, physician to Elizabeth II, Queen of England, Robert Kirsch (in the *Los Angeles Times,* June 20) relates that while in England he had himself sought the care of a homeopathic doctor. He knew, he explained, that all homeopathic physicians were required to have M.D. degrees, and he reasoned that "any group of doctors who went voluntarily to study a system of medicine which would not enhance their earning power or make them specialists were extremely well motivated." He was not, he said, disappointed.

Natural Remedies

Hahnemann, as Dr. Blackie's title indicates, believed in treating the patient, not the disease. Horrified by the leeching and cupping fad of medical treatment in his time (he was born in 1755), he tested the effects of herbs and drugs on himself and worked out his own "Materia Medica." He knew the teaching of Paracelsus that "like will be cured by like," and his influence was great for many years. Today, however, there are only a few hundred true homeopathic physicians, due mainly to the strong political influence of the allopaths, who were able to suppress homeopathy in the United States, although not in continental Europe and England. Yet interest in homeopathy survives by reason of its common sense, which appeals to thoughtful individuals such as the *Times* reviewer. Robert Kirsch says of this book:

> It is an indispensable work for those interested in a type

of therapy which uses only natural substances as remedies (and these only in the tiniest amounts), treats the particular patient rather than a category of illness and stresses that different temperaments, personalities and physical types demand different treatment.

Example for the Present

Writing in the *Washington Post* for July 21, 1971, Nicholas von Hoffman suggested that changes having the impact of Hahnemann's reform of medicine are needed today. Then, as now, doctors were convinced that they understood the causes of disease and were treating people with huge doses of drugs:

> There was in the nineteenth century the same overuse of successively fashionable drugs that we see today. Doctors were routinely giving their patients staggering dosages of such things as chloral hydrate, calomel, quinine, Dovers Powder—an opium/ipecac compound—and cocaine.
>
> When they weren't addicting their patients, they were subjecting them to terrible, sometimes fatal, side effects. For then, as now, the side effects of some medicines were far more potent and debilitating than their beneficent effects were therapeutic.
>
> People turned away from regular licensed medicine to herb doctors, water cures, and many systems of treatment which, if they did not cure, didn't make matters worse. In like manner, many people now are looking for some alternative to antibiotics, cortisone and hysterectomies.

A Science of Therapeutics

Defending Hahnemann, von Hoffman writes:

> His first principle is that you can't cure a patient by studying the pathology of the disease. This proposition flies in the face of organized medicine then and now, which holds that you can find the cause of disease and then invent or find a drug to knock it out. . . . In place of the guesswork of standard medicine, Samuel Hahnemann proposed to build a science of therapeutics. This he would do not by relying on untestable hypotheses as to the cause of disease, but by finding and testing drugs that are tailored to the unique symptoms of each patient. . . . Under this system of medical practice, disease as we've been taught to think about it doesn't exist. Hahnemann urged his followers not even to give illnesses particular names, but to consider each patient sick with his own particular illness whose symptoms would be treated one at a time by medications that work on them and them alone without side effects.

The Patient Must Help

> This approach allowed homeopathic doctors, as Hahnemann's school of medicine was called, to take into account all the patients' symptoms and everything else about him, his diet, his emotional state, his habits, his ways of living, and to provide a course of treatment exactly suited to him. . . . The cures are slower since they are primarily designed to get your body in shape to cure yourself, and your body isn't a whizz-bang miracle drug shot straight from the laboratories of some commercial pharmaceutical house. The knowledge required of the doctor is huge. The homeopathic physician must have an exact understanding of the workings of hundreds and hundreds of drugs; in addition, he must have the time and skill to examine his patients in minute and precise details; the patient, too, must be willing to work with the doctor and try to understand what the doctor is about in order to help him. Some patients would rather risk traumatic therapeutics.

Nicholas von Hoffman honors homeopathic physicians for their "insistence that the practice of medicine be elevated from blind man's buff into a science we can rely upon." Today, as in Hahnemann's time, he says, "it is clear to layman and professional alike that great changes must soon be made or we run the risk of dying at the hands of our own doctors."

Paracelsus Recognized

Students may recall H.P.B.'s strictures concerning the allopaths, who were the enemies of the homeopaths of a hundred years ago, referring to their indifference to psychological realities and their reliance on institutionally approved methods. A writer in *Lucifer* (I, 270) spoke favorably of the homeopathic remedies of Count Mattei, and they were given high praise by Mr. Judge (*Path* VII, 189). H.P.B.'s highest praise, however, was reserved for the great physician-occultist, Paracelsus, who understood, she said, the true basis of healing in Magic. "Had not a criminal hand put an end to his life, years before the time alloted to him by Nature, physiological Magic would have fewer secrets for the civilized world than it now has." A deeply encouraging sign of the times is the present-day recognition of the greatness of Paracelsus, bringing appreciation, also, of the sources of his practical wisdom. The professor of history at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Giorgio de Santillana, writes of him in *The Age of Ad-*

venture (a work on Renaissance philosophers):

> Paracelsus is a sincere and passionately religious soul, an authentic reformer, the "Luther of medicine." He is the man who wrote:
>
> "The art of medicine is rooted in the heart. If your heart is just, you will also be a true physician . . . one for whom the ultimate instance is man's distress. Privilege and lineage pale to nothingness, only distress has meaning."

Meaning of "Occult"

Paracelsus is acquainted with the formal philosophy of his time. But he proclaims himself an initiate to a higher philosophy, one whose aim is not merely cognitive but operative. Like his distinguished predecessor, Agrippa von Nettesheim, he would gladly insist on "the uncertainty and the vanity of the (verbal) sciences," for to him truth is that which, once grasped, allows us to transmute nature and heal men. Such a truth is perforce "occult," for it is not for everyone; but not in the sense of trade secrets and magic formulas confined to jealously guarded books, or of a riddle of undecipherable obscurity. Occult means simply what looks insignificant, paradoxical or commonplace to the vulgar, but will be intuitively understood by such as have reached a high degree of spiritual preparation and attunement to the cosmic order. To any mind thus constituted, it becomes the "light of nature" itself, the voice of the universe, which dictates its further thought.

Signs of a "Secret Doctrine"

The mood of this unusual scholar is revealed by a paragraph in the Introduction to *The Age of Adventure,* in which he says:

> There is hardly a speculative mind in the Renaissance which does not respond to the idea of Truth as a *"mysterium-fascinosum."* Even the hard-boiled skeptics are only rebelling against it in an ineffectual way. Cusanus's Pythagorean wisdom, Pico's occult concordances, Cardan's doctrine of "subtility," Paracelsus's "light of nature," Kepler's "cosmographic mysteries," are just high points in the pantheistic, panpsychistic jungle which luxuriates over the whole epoch. As thinkers find revealed in God the deepest elements of man's soul, they find also revealed the immanent presence of God in all things. Even the sedate Sir Thomas Browne will distrust rational theology and like to "lose himself in the contemplation of mystery." Most of this rests on the shadowy Secret Doctrine or Great Tradition.

This may be called the new spirit in modern scholarship—a spirit of honest inquiry and respect for ancient wisdom. Its full fruit may not become evident for a half-century or more, yet its effects are already visible in the younger members of the professions, many of whom seem astonishingly free from the prejudices of past generations.

Looking Without Perceiving

A writer in *Prevention* for August speculates about the effect of television on thinking, especially in the young:

> A child who watches more than three or four hours a day has been found to have reduced thinking ability, making it much more than merely interesting to speculate about the relationship between the avid TV viewer and the poor or non-reader. We often find that TV addicts look but do not perceive and frequently exhibit alpha brain waves while reading.
>
> Alpha normally does not even occur when the eyes are open. It is considered to be a nonvisual brain wave. When the eyes are open, the brain is supposed to attend to what you are seeing, and Alpha normally disappears. It is possible that kids who get zonked on TV fall into alpha during a visual state, and this carries over to other times when they attempt different tasks. Like reading.

Conceivably, the withdrawal of the child's attention—the attention, that is, of the mind—which permits the alpha waves to dominate, represents a defensive measure of the psyche against over-stimulation. The habit of looking without perceiving may be an inevitable result.

Correction

The first sentence of last month's THEOSOPHY inflicted a strange lapse of memory on readers, indicating that this year is the centenary of the publication of *Isis Unveiled,* whereas that anniversary came two years ago, in 1977. Fortunately, the content of the article suffered little from this mistake, since an appreciation of *Isis* is always timely!

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